

PERFORMANCE
ON 42ND

PRESENTED BY

MANY

A three-day festival in celebration of the first ten years of **Performance on 42nd**

JUNE 11 - 13, 1997

JUNE 11 7:30 PM

LINDA MANCINI

ROBERT EEN AND **BIG JOE**

TANYA BARFIELD

EARL MOSLEY

JUNE 12 7:30 PM

THE FIVE LESBIAN BROTHERS

DAWN AKEMI SAITO

HORACEE ARNOLD & **NEWMAN TAYLOR BAKER**

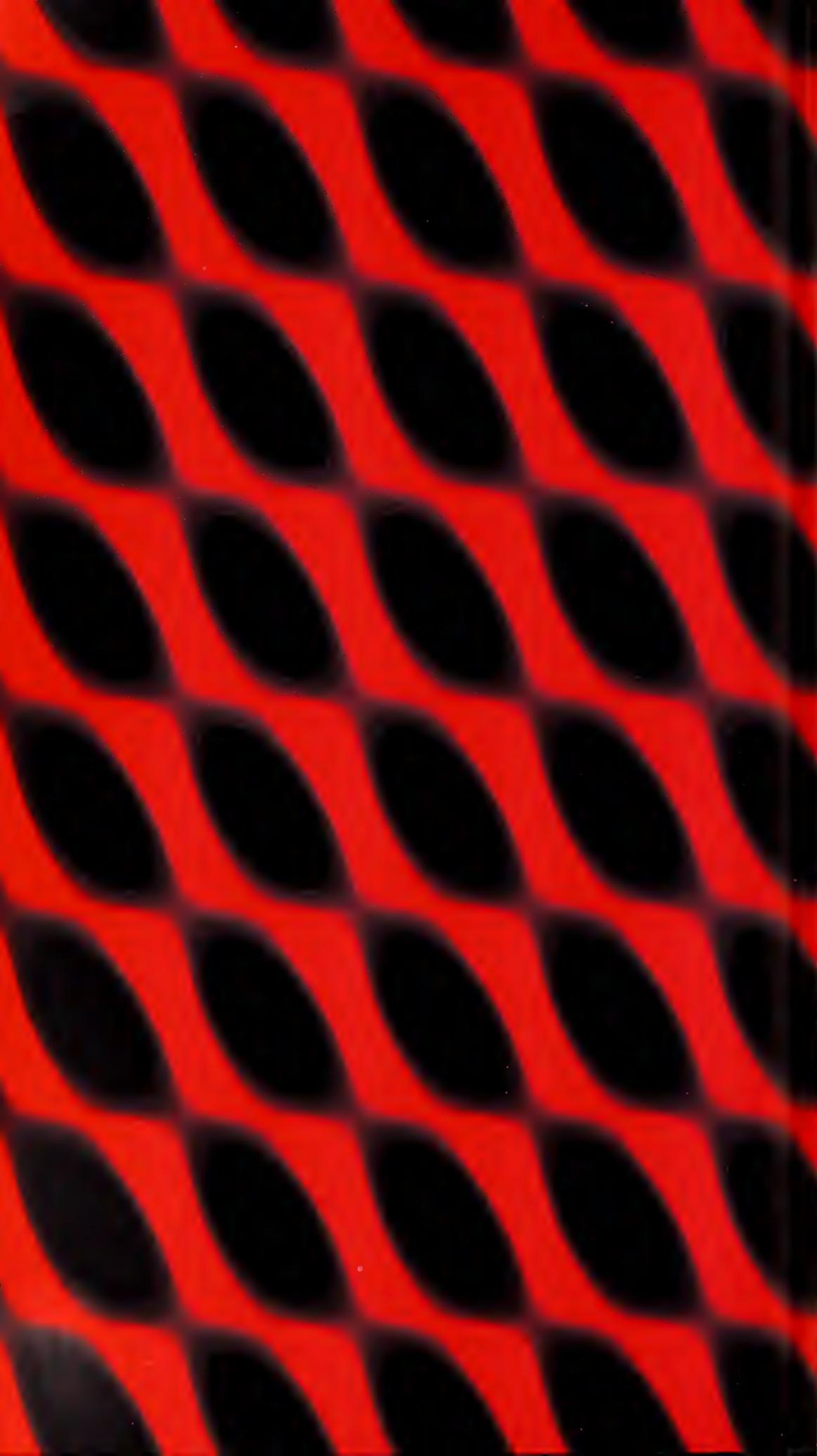
— MARK DENDY —

JUNE 13 8:00 PM

RUBY NELDA PÉREZ

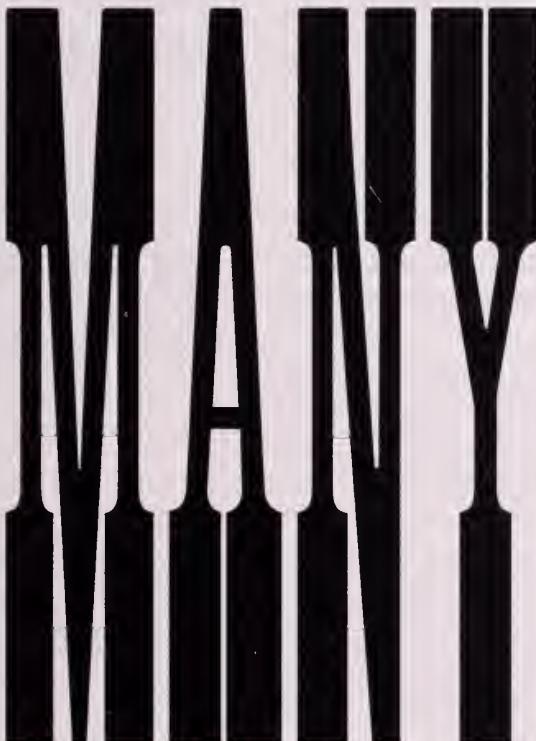


Whitney Museum
of American Art
at Philip Morris



JUNE 11-13, 1997

A three-day festival in celebration of the first decade of *Performance on 42nd* by artists who perform at the museum for the first time. Many honors all the artists, audiences, behind-the-scenes staff, and sponsorship that have and will continue to contribute to the magic of this wondrous public stage in pursuit of the contemporary American performing arts.



JUNE 11

beginning at 7:30 p.m.

Many

A video documentary of *Performance on 42nd, 1986-1997*

Produced by Ann Farmer

Edited by Paul Rodrigues

Linda Mancini

Excerpts from *Bikini* and other works-in-progress
In recognition of the 50th anniversary of both the U.S. testing of atomic weapons at Bikini Atoll and the subsequent birth of the bikini bathing suit, Mancini creates a satiric one-woman commentary on how the influences of technology and fashion have changed the face of society. She may also perform from a new work-in-progress.

Robert Een and Big Joe

With Carter Burwell and Anne DeMarinis, accordion; Steve Elson, clarinet and saxophone; Hearn Gadbois, dumbek; and Een, cello

Original compositions by Een brings together folk, rhythm and blues, jazz, klezmer, Western classical, and world music. Kyle Gann of *The Village Voice* says: "Suavely post-minimalist. Rarely is new music this much fun."

Tanya Barfield

From *Without Skin or Breathlessness*

Barfield's premiere solo work, a touching evocation of a bi-racial childhood, passionately explores the tension between objectivity and subjectivity, and conflicting versions of the same story.

Earl Mosley

Diversity of Dance V in performance of *Sunrise* (1996)

Choreography: Earl Mosley

Text: Bethel Lane (Mosley's grandmother)

Composition: Victor See Yuen

Musicians: William Cantanaro, Dominic Keys, and Victor See Yuen

Vocalists: Daphne Bazemore, Hope Clarke, and Deanna Ketchum

Dancers: Earl Mosley's Diversity of Dance with Miguel Anaya, Shedrick Anderson III, Kevin Boseman, Brian Brooks, Phyllis Byars, Kim Corruthers, Alenka Flanders, Djassi Johnson, Deanna Ketchum, Yasmine Lee, Roxanne Lyst, Freddie Moore, Nahdine Mose, Darrell Moultrie, Brianna Reed, Richard Rivera, Mathew Rushing, Leslie Salmon, and Tracy Vogt

Scene: A hot summer's day

A piece inspired by a speech by Mosley's 96-year-old grandmother Bethel about growing up in the South.



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JUNE 12

beginning at 7:30 p.m.

Many

A video documentary of *Performance on 42nd, 1986-1997*

Produced by Ann Farmer

Edited by Paul Rodrigues

Dawn Akemi Saito

Saito's new, twisted Los Angeles stories about home if she can find it. A site-specific solo work incorporating Butoh-inspired movement and text.

Sound design by Robert Scott

Visual design by Eva Mantel

Project consultancy by Tim Ottman

Direction consultancy by Maria Mileaf

Music consultancy by Bob Wisdom

Musical materials by Wild Colonials

Voice overs by Toshiko Saito, Shark, Tim Ottman

Horacee Arnold and Newman T. Baker

Dialogue for 2001: A duet for drumset

"Baby" Dodds, Max Roach, Tony Williams, Doudou

N'Diaye Rose found voice for the drum as a solo, melodic instrument. Arnold and Baker continue this conversation in highly sophisticated and heartfelt drumspeak.

Mark Dendy

First Chair, Second Chair

With Paul Taylor alum Mary Cochran

A reading of Dendy's fresh look at the classic chair dance to premiere at Dance Theater Workshop next season.

The Five Lesbian Brothers

The provocative lesbian theater collaborative of Maureen Angelos, Babs Davy, Dominique Dibbell, Peg Healey, and Lisa Kron explore such dark themes as homophobia and sexism with devastating humor and the occasional musical number. In tonight's piece, we meet Cathy Ferguson.

JUNE 13

8:00 P.M.

Many

A video documentary of *Performance on 42nd, 1986-1997*

Produced by Ann Farmer

Edited by Paul Rodrigues

Ruby
Nelda
Peréz

Doña Rosita's Jalapeño Kitchen

A solo theater piece developed and performed by Peréz and written by Rodrigo Duarte-Clark. "Superbly crafted, outrageously funny, and highly poignant" (Ed Conroy, *San Antonio Express-News*).

Program is subject to change.

Performance order will be announced each night.

Absolutely no unauthorized photographing and audio and video recording of the festival is permitted.

Horacee Arnold

is a leading proponent of the drum set as a solo instrument. Arnold hit the New York scene in the 1960s and has gone on to tour with Charles Mingus, Bud Powell, Stan Getz, Chick Corea and Return to Forever, Miriam Makeba, Sarah Vaughan, and Rahsaan Roland Kirk, among others, as well as with his own bands. He also worked with Alvin Ailey on improvisational duets and as a member of the musical ensemble for the company's 1960s tour to Australia, Fiji, and the Far East. It has been said that Arnold's underground cult record *Tales of the Exonerated Flea* (Columbia) was ahead of its time in the 1970s in its exploration of odd meter and African fusion, Latin, and Eastern Indian musical elements. Arnold, a student of Max Roach, later invited drummers Billy Hart and Freddie Waits to form *Colloquium III*, a group devoted to developing a contemporary drum repertoire. The trio focused solely on the drum set, instead of the entire family of percussion like Roach's M'Boom, and toured extensively. Composer-in-residence with the Carolyn Dorfman Dance Company, Arnold has created five works for the group since 1993. Arnold is on the faculty of William Paterson College and the New School for Social

Research. Selected discography includes Billy Harper's *Soran Bushi B. H.* (Denon/Soul Note), Chick Corea's *Sundance* (Solid State), Sonny Fortune's *Serengeti Minstrel* (Atlantic). Billy Harper's *Somalia* (Omagatoki) features both Horacee Arnold and Newman Taylor Baker. In *Why the Waters Whisper*, his new CD due out this summer on the Sabree label, Arnold works with new technologies, African textures, and, for the first time, vocal recordings.

Newman T. Baker

approaches composing through his instrument, the drum set. His compositional ideas intermix master-level study of Western European classical music with work as a member of the Richmond Symphony (with guest composer Aaron Copland), the Delaware Symphony, and the Wilmington Ballet orchestras, and more than 20 years of experience in the improvisationally driven worlds of jazz, art music, rhythm & blues, and funk/pop. He is also strongly drawn to the relationship between vocal music and the vocal qualities of the African talking drum and the European tympani. Last year, Baker premiered *Singin' Drums*, his concept exploring the tonal, lyrical, and melodic elements of an enhanced, diatonically tuned drum set

of his own creation. Baker has worked with the Billy Harper Quintet, Diedre Murray, Henry Threadgill Sextet, Sam Rivers Quartet, Joe Henderson, McCoy Tyner, and Jeanne Lee, among others. Since 1989, Baker has collaborated with the Avodah Dance Ensemble and the Mickey D. And Friends Dance Company. Selected discography includes the Bobby Zankel Trio's *Human Flowers/* (Creative Improvised Music Projects), the Billy Harper Quintet's *Somalia* (Omagatoki), Gerry Eastman's *Gerry Eastman Songbook* (WMC Records), Jeanne Lee's *Natural Affinities* (Owl Records), and the Henry Threadgill Sextett's *Rag, Bush, and All* (RCA/Novus). Baker will perform *Sound of the Drum/Language of the Heart*, his newest *Singin' Drums* project, on June 27, as part of The Internet Cafe/JVC Jazz Festival.

Tanya Barfield's

original work has been presented at Dance Theater Workshop, P.S. 122, the Joseph Papp Public Theater, Exit Art, and the Women's Theater Festival of Philadelphia. She is a 1997 New York Foundation for the Arts Fellow, and in 1995 a Franklin Furnace fellow for performance art and a resident artist at Mabou Mines. She has read her

poetry on WBAI and Manhattan Neighborhood Network; her work has been published in *The New Fuck You: Adventures in Lesbian Reading*.

Mark Dendy

performed with Pooh Kaye, Ruby Shang, Pearl Lang, and the Martha Graham Ensemble, before founding Mark Dendy Dance and Theater in 1983. His Off-Broadway and regional credits include *Worlds Apart* (T.W.E.E.D. Festival at the Ohio Theater and Durham's Reynold's Industries Theatre), Bryan Goluboff's *In Betweens*, and Jacqueline Reingold's *Girigone* at Manhattan Class Company. Dendy choreographed Tony Kushner's adaptation of Ansky's *A Dybbuk*, or *Between Two Worlds* for Hartford Stage; two of his commissions were featured in the 1996 American Dance Festival. This year, he created *Vaslav 3 = split* while in residence at the North Carolina School of the Arts, *Ritual* for Et toi, tu, Danse? in Milwaukee, *Aria* for Li Chiao Ping, and the sextet version of his *Afternoon of the Fawns* for the Charleston Ballet Theatre. Following the premiere of *Les Biches* by the Pacific Northwest Ballet this year, Dendy is working on a second piece for the ballet's 25th anniversary in 1998. He is also developing *First Chair, Second Chair*, a duet with Paul Taylor alum Mary Cochran, to

premiere at Dance Theater Workshop next season. An extended Off-Broadway run is in the works for Dendy's one (wo)man show *Busride to Glory*. Commissions are under way for the Kennedy Center, Tennessee Dance Theatre, and Nashville Ballet. Dendy performs the lead role of Melba Jarvis in *Francesca Page*, a film by Kelly Sane.

Robert Een, a composer, singer, cellist, and bandleader, formed Blue Earth Productions in 1978 for the creation and presentation of his work. He has composed for dance, film, and theater, most recently completing the score for choreographer David Dorfman's *Family Project* and the soundtrack for Alan Madison's feature film *Trouble on the Corner*.

Een founded Big Joe in 1990 to perform his original music. The quintet features Hearn Gadbois on Moroccan dumbek; Carter Burwell and Anne DeMarinis on accordion; Steve Elson on saxophone and clarinet; and Een on cello. Composers and superb improvising musicians, the band members each bring diverse and unique backgrounds to the stage. Big Joe has performed throughout New York and the Northeast, and recently toured Hong Kong and Taiwan. The group is featured in several film and dance scores. Its new album, entitled

Big Joe, is currently in release.

The Five Lesbian Brothers

are Maureen Angelos, Babs Davy, Dominique Dibbell, Peg Healey, and Lisa Kron. Committed to creating provocative lesbian theater through collaboration, the Brothers' work explores such dark themes as homophobia and sexism with devastating humor and the occasional musical number. Their works include the plays *Voyage to Lesbos*, *Brave Smiles ... Another Lesbian Tragedy*, *The Secretaries*, and *Brides of the Moon*. They have been produced by Off-Broadway's New York Theatre Workshop; presented at such spaces as the WOW Cafe Theater, Downtown Art Company, P.S. 122, La MaMa, and Dixon Place; and toured nationally. The Brothers' have been awarded a *Village Voice* OBIE, and a New York Dance and Performance Award ("Bessie"), and were named Best Performance Group of 1991 by *New York Press*. They are currently preparing for a fall season at New York Theatre Workshop, and a commission for the Joseph Papp Public Theater, and await publication this fall of their first book, with Simon & Schuster.

Linda Mancini, a native of Montreal, has been presented across

Canada, Europe, and the United States, and in such New York theaters as P.S. 122, The Performing Garage, Dance Theater Workshop, The Club at La MaMa, Caroline's Comedy Club, Cucaracha Theater, HERE, and the Joseph Papp Public Theater/New York Shakespeare Festival. Her earlier solo works include *Not Entirely Appropriate and Good as It Gets. Tip or Die*, commissioned by P.S. 122 and premiered at HERE to sold-out audiences, was recently staged at the HBO Workspace in Los Angeles as part of the HBO New Performers Series. Mancini has been a playwright-in-residence with New York Stage and Film at Vassar College. This March, she performed her newest work, *Bikini*, at the Watermark Solo Festival at the Vineyard Theatre in New York.

She received a New York Dance and Performance Award ("Bessie") for her solo works *Bone China*, *Angelina*, and *Glances* and has been awarded grants from the New York State Council on the Arts, Art Matters Inc., the Jerome Foundation, and the Quebec Government House in New York. Mancini has been greatly influenced by the teachings of the late Canadian clown master, Richard Pochinko.

Earl Mosley, who began his dance training at the North Carolina School

of the Arts, first came to New York as a scholarship student at the Martha Graham School of Dance and the Alvin Ailey American Dance Center. He has danced with the Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble, the Milton Myers Dance Company, the Gus Solomons Jr. Dance Company, Forces of Nature, and Ronald K. Brown/Evidence. His choreography has been featured by the Alvin Ailey American Dance Center, L'Académie de Danse in Guadeloupe, and the Bat Dor Dance Studios in Israel. Ballet Builders '96, at the Clark Studio Theater at Lincoln Center, premiered his *To Love in Glass Houses*. Mosley recently presented his first full-length concert of original work, featuring an all-male ensemble, at Evolving Arts Theater. Mosley is on the faculty at the Alvin Ailey American Dance Center and Ballet Hispanico; is a guest teacher for Dance Space, Inc.; and conducts workshops and master classes across the U.S. and abroad. He is currently working on his first commission from the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater to premiere in its upcoming season.

Ruby Nelda Peréz began a career as a solo artist in 1985 when she was asked to select and recite Latina literary works at the Guadalupe Cultural

Arts Center in San Antonio, Texas. Peréz draws on her Chicana heritage with great pride to create characters that offer compassionate and sometimes comic views of life as a Latina. Through collaborations with Latino and Latina writers, she weaves together stories, legends, folktales and autobiographical experiences; *A Woman's Work* features poems and monologues by Latina writers Denise Chavez, Mary Sue Galindo, and Enedina Casarez-Vasquez and in 1994, she collaborated with renowned playwright/director Rodrigo Duarte Clark of El Teatro de la Esperanza in creating *Doña Rosita's Jalapeño Kitchen*. In her performances, she uses English, Spanish, and Spanglish to address the particular needs of the audience. Peréz, considered one of the most talented Chicana theater artists working in the U.S. today. She has performed throughout the United States, Mexico and Latin America, at such venues as the Smithsonian Institution, the Joseph Papp Public Theater, Centro Cultural de la Raza in San Diego, El Paso Museum of Art (El Paso, TX), and Festival International de la Raza in Juarez and Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, plus performances in rural areas of Kentucky and South Texas, labor camps in Southern California, and in prisons.

Peréz is a founding member of Teatro Bilingue at Texas A&I University and First Bilingual Theatre of Houston where she later became Artistic/Project Director. In 1979 she taught at Chicano Theatre at Plaza de la Raza in Los Angeles and in 1980 joined El Teatro de la Esperanza in Santa Barbara, CA. In 1984, she became a member of Los Actores de San Antonio with the Guadalupe Cultural Arts Center.

Place Theater); *Dear Kenneth Blake* at Ensemble Studio Theater; National Asian American Theater's *America Dreaming* (Vineyard) and *Midsummer Night's Dream*; Pan Asian Rep's *And The Soul Shall Dance*; and Bill T. Jones's *Last Supper at Uncle Tom's Cabin* (Brooklyn Academy of Music). Film credits includes Nancy Savoca's *Household Saints*, *Picture Bride*, and *Mizu Shobai*. She currently resides in Los Angeles.

Dawn Akemi

Saito is a performer, writer, and Butoh-inspired movement artist. Her works include *Ha* (Dance Theater Workshop and New York Theatre Workshop); *Pastime* (La MaMa); *Dreamcatcher* (Dance Theater Workshop and Aaron Davis Hall); *Shinjin* (American Museum of Natural History); *Let Go of My Face* (La MaMa); and staged readings of *Hatchi and Bobbi* and *Karaoke Above the Clouds* (Public Theater). Performance credits include *Moby Dick in Venice* by Roman Paska (Public Theater); *Hedda Gabler* (The Old Globe); *Suddenly Last Summer* and *The Poet* directed by JoAnne Akalaitis (Hartford Stage); *Ping Chong's Deshima* and *Elephant Memories*; Chiori Miyagawa's *Nothing Forever* (New York Theatre Workshop); *A Cambodian Odyssey* (Merrimack Repertory); *Mirrors Remembered* (New York Stage and Film); *Kitchen God's Wife* (American

10 YEARS

Artists and Projects



Winter Projects

February 10, 1997 **Savion Glover and Eli Fountain with Incognegroes**
Picture This

December 18-19, 1996 **Diedre Murray, Carla Kirkwood,
Patricia Hoffbauer and George Emilio Sanchez**
*Reserved for Artists: Excerpts of New and Developing
Works by Artists from Performance on 42nd*

Second Sight

SPRING 1996

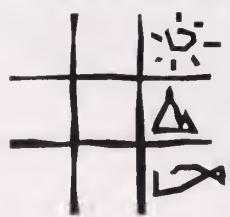
June 12 **Shelley Hirsch, For Jerry**

May 22 **Patricia Hoffbauer and Company, Banana Split with
Carmenland, the saga continues . . . ,**

May 23 **and Are We Still Juggling Bananas?: Hybrid Cultures and
the Latina/o Performance, a panel with Eloise de Leon,
George Emilio Sanchez, Ella Shohat, Helena Solberg,
Karla Turcios, and host Maria Hinajosa**

May 10 **80 Fingers: The Duo Piano Mini-Festival**
Organized with Toby Kasavan
With The Mark Hennen/Toby Kasavan Piano Duo;
The Cooper-Moore/John Blum Duo; notated works by Kitty
Brazelton, David Lang, Terry Winter Owens, Lois V Vierk,
and Eva Wiener as performed by Double Edge (Edmund
Niemann and Nurit Tilles) and by Anthony de Mare and
Kathleen Supové; and Anthony Davis, host

March 22 **Lé Thi Diem Thúy, Le Tuan Hung and Dang Kim Hien
The Far East Side Band**
East/West/East



Winter Projects

January 4, 1996

Terry Adkins

Mirliton: Last Trumpet and Other Works

December 18-19, 1995

Ronald K. Brown/Evidence

Lessons: A Site-Specific Installation

Territorial Rites

SPRING 1995

May 24 **Carla Kirkwood, Bodies of Evidence**

May 17 **Ronald K. Brown/Evidence, Short Stories**

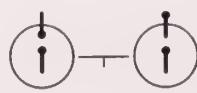
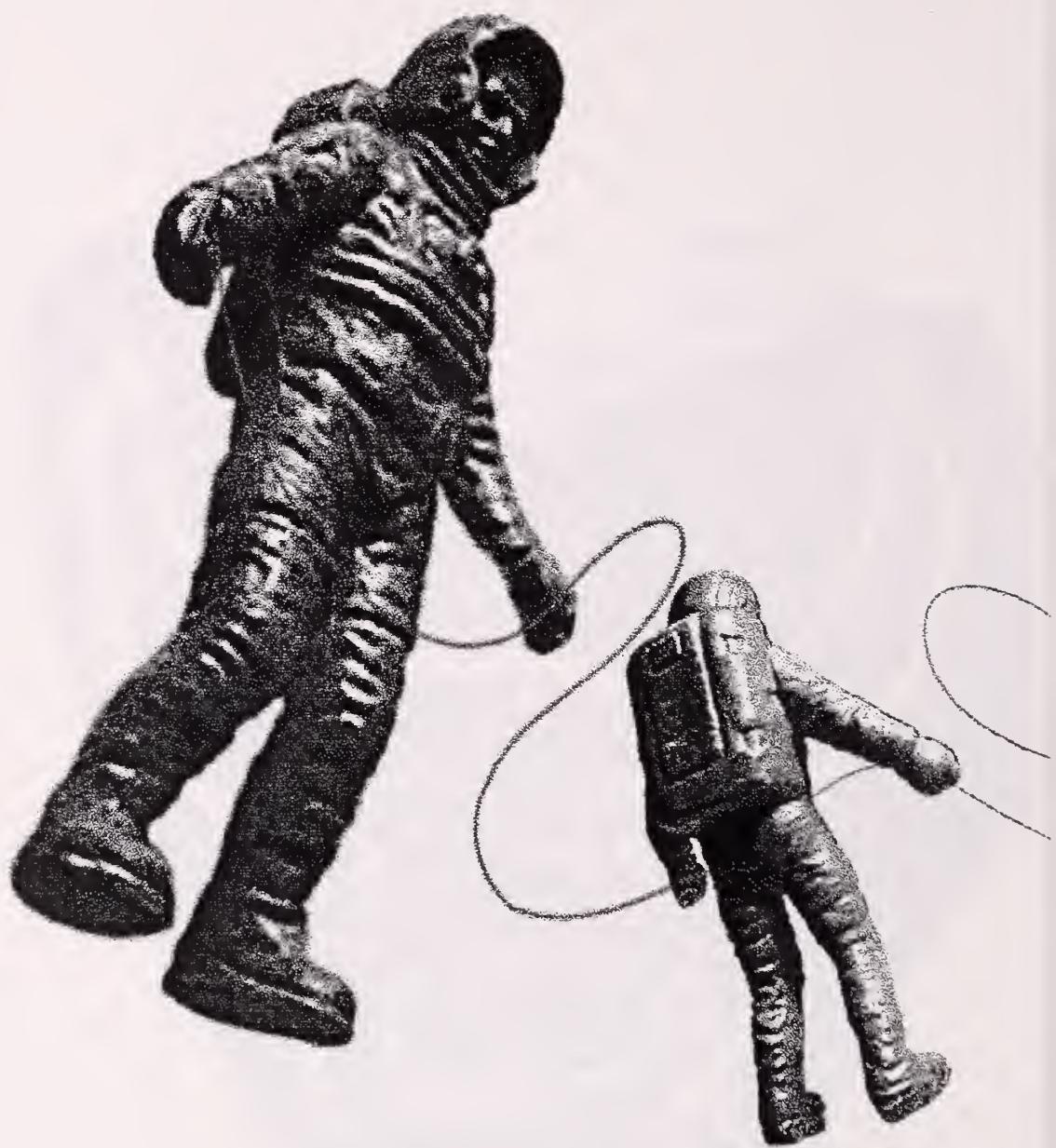
April 26 **George Emilio Sanchez**
*Border/Door with \$trictly Business in
Keep It Real/To the Fullest*

April 12 **Andy Bey**
Best Kept Secrets

March 15-19 **Leni Schwendinger and Ben Rubin**
Not Dreaming in Public

March 1 **Cunningham Dance Foundation**
Beach Birds For Camera: A Music Video Event
(performance)

March 2-3 **(installation)**



The Space Between Saints

SPRING 1994

June 1 **8 Bold Souls**

Ant Farm

May 25 **Susan Marshall & Company**

Private Worlds in Public View: First Appearance

May 18 **Ex Statics**

A Processional for Audience, Derek Bernstein and Amy Sue Rosen, Mary Griffin and Joe Hannan, Leroy Jenkins, Jill Kroesen, and "Blue" Gene Tyranny

April 20 **Donna Uchizono**

Angels on Granite

April 27 **Dawn Chiang and Eric Cornwell**

deLights: Art on 5 Outlets

April 13 **Sledgehammer Theatre**

*No Time Like the Present (A Rosary to Mary
Frankenstein on the Occasion of the Rapture)*

Winter Projects

December 31, 1993 **Frank Conversano; Diedre Murray/Fred Hopkins;
Lawrence "Butch" Morris' Conduction #27;
A Chorus of Poets, and Ruth Fugistaller**

November 29- **James Lo**

December 10, 1993 **Incidental Harmonies and Found Bottle Caps,
(audio installation)**

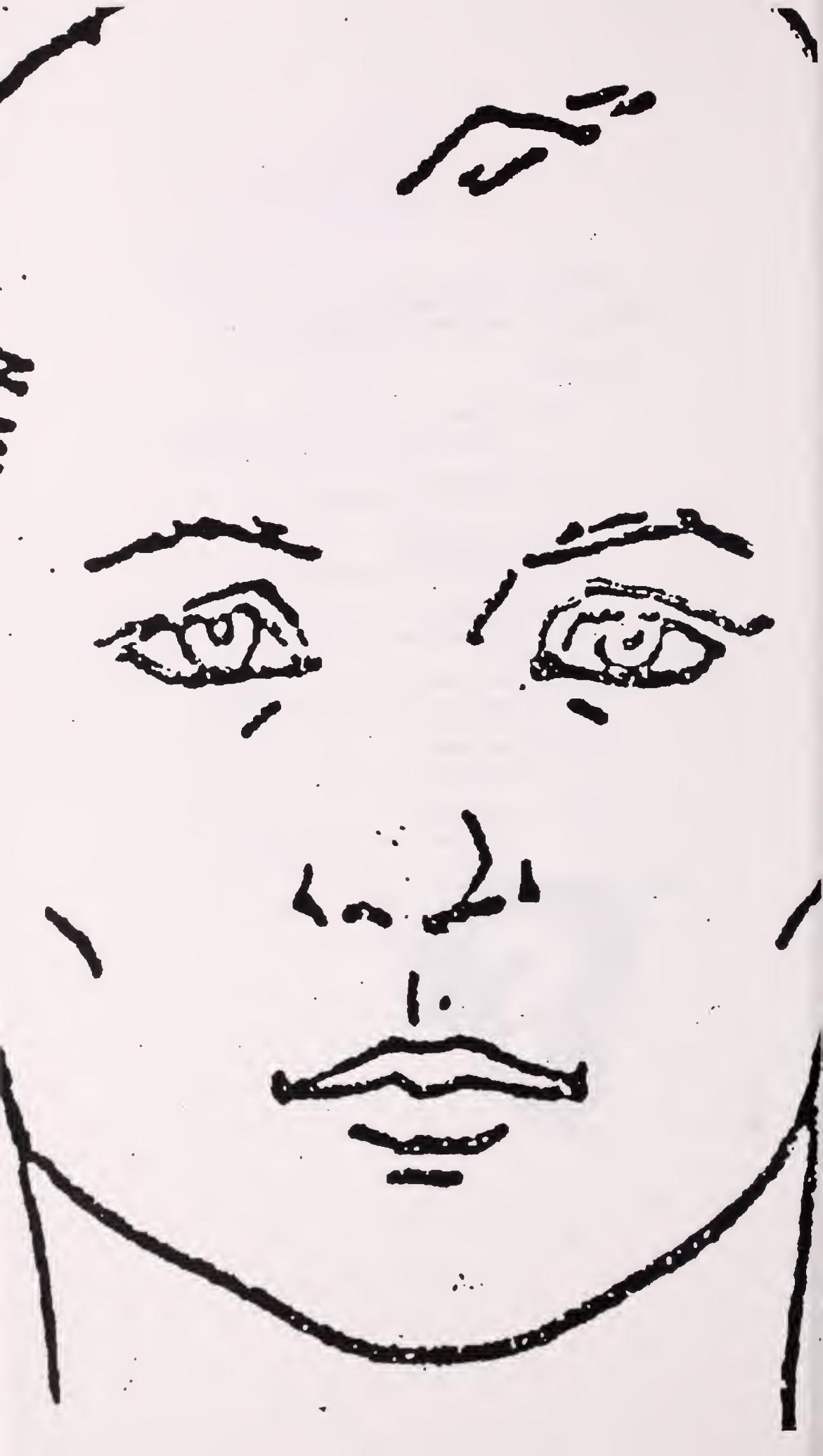
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Say What?

THE 1993 BIENNIAL
PERFORMANCE/ THEATER PROJECT

SPRING 1993

June 2	John Kelly <i>Cocteau & Barbette, excerpts from a work-in-progress</i>
May 26	Mac Wellman <i>The Land of Fog and Whistles</i>
May 12	Robbie McCauley <i>Mississippi Freedom: In Perspective</i>
April 28	Kip Fulbeck <i>banana split & other mix-ups</i>
April 21	James Luna <i>James Luna—UNPLUGGED: The Shame-Man</i>
April 14	DANCENOISE <i>Dancenoise</i>
March 31	Marga Gomez <i>Marga Gomez Is Pretty, Witty, and Gay</i>



Performing Bodies and Smart Machines

ORGANIZED WITH
HELEN THORINGTON AND TONI DOVE

SPRING 1992

April 29 **Sussan Deihim**
Oblique Intentions and the Vertical Weight of a Gaze

Richard Horowitz
WARP IV for Solo Ney and Tuned Breath

April 22 **Rachel Rosenthal**
filename: FUTURFAX

April 8 **Perry Hoberman**
Runway

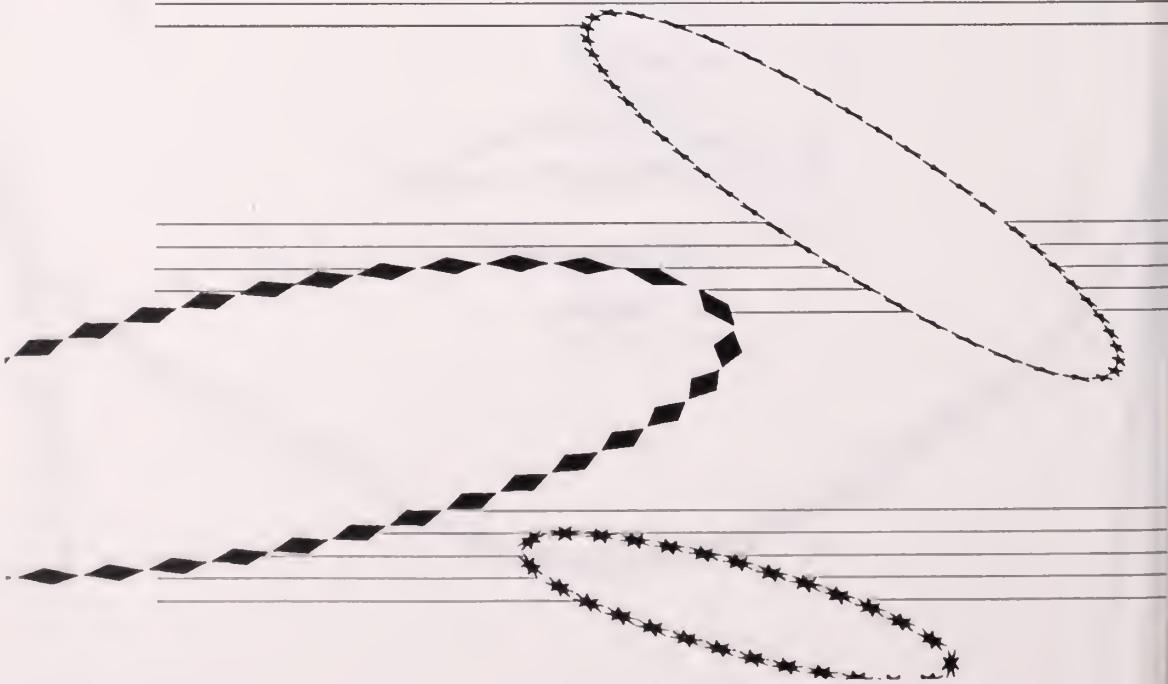
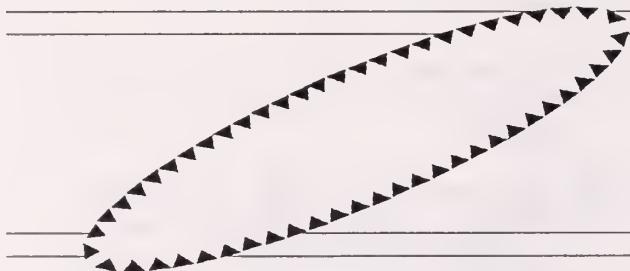
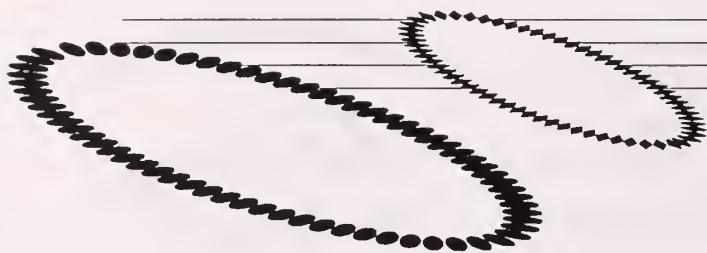
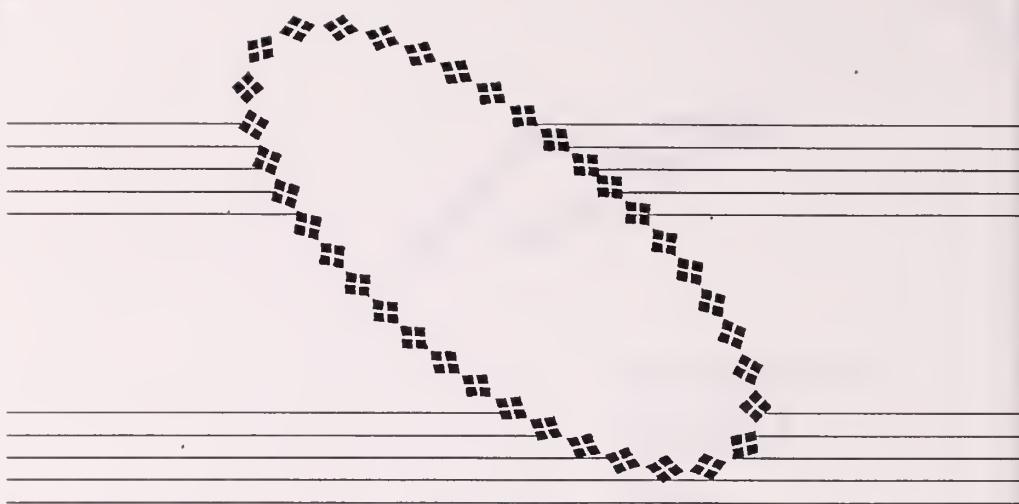
April 1 **The Wooster Group**
*Rae Whitfield and the Johnsons Present Dances from the
Wuji Islands*

March 25 **Writers on the Future of the Body and Technology**
a panel with Pat Cadigan, Manuel DeLanda, Samuel
Delany, Arthur and Marilouise Kroker with Steve Gibson,
and David Skal

March 18 **Matt Heckert**
Horse on Lava

Hans Moravec
The Universal Robot

March 13 **Toni Dove**
The Blessed Abyss—A Tale of Unmanageable Ecstasies
Helen Thorington
Partial Perceptions



8 in 7: New Ventures in American Music

CO-PRESENTED WITH THE
FIFTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF WOMEN IMPROVISERS

SPRING 1991

April 17 **Zella Jackson Price**
Keep Working for the Master

April 3 and 10 **Diedre Murray**
Unending Pain

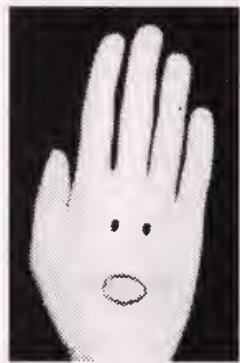
March 27 **Geri Allen and Don Pullen**
Piano Magic

March 19 **Carol Emanuel and Zeena Parkins**

March 13 **Lambs Eat Ivy**

March 7 **Five Artists—Five Views**
a panel with Tiye Giraud, Sheila Jordan, Tania León,
Diedre Murray, and Pauline Oliveros;
Lucy Sumner, moderator

March 6 **Mickey Davidson, Jeanne Lee, and Ntozake Shange**
A Sense of Breath



By Word of Mouth and Hand: New American Storytelling

SPRING 1990

June 19-21 **Helen Thorington and Artists from New American Radio**
Audio Lunch, with tapes by Maurice Kenny, Gregory Whitehead, The Sleight of Mind Group, Jacki Apple and Bruce Fowler, David Moss, Helen Thorington, Sheila Davies, Hildegard Westerkamp, Harris Skibell and Susan Lepsetler, Tom Johnson, Jerri Allyn, Rinde Eckert, Charles Amirkhanian, Keith Antar Mason with Jacki Apple, Christine Baczevska, Dan Lander, Don Joyce & Negativland, Rachel Rosenthal, and Arsenije Javonovic

June 20 live performance of *New American Radio* works by Jerri Allyn, Jacki Apple, and Gregory Whitehead, hosted by Valerie Smaldone

June 13 **Peter Cook and Kenny Lerner**
The Flying Words Project

June 6 **Constance De Jong**
Vanishing Acts

Peter Gordon
The City of the Passion: A Tone Poem

May 30 **Brenda Wong Aoki**
OBAKE! Spirits Past and Present

May 23 **Fred Hopkins, Diedre Murray, and**
Richard "Shake-a-Leg" Thomas
Grid Art in Grid Lock

May 16 **Malika Lee Whitney's The Pickney Players**
with guest artists **Hazelle Goodman, Mary Lou Lollis, Peggy Pettitt, and Thomas Osha Pinnock**
Speaking in Tongues: A Celebration of the Oral Tradition



Artist-In-Residence

FALL 1989

April 29 **Lawrence "Butch" Morris**
Conduction #15: Where Music Goes II

Spring 1989

June 21 **Reno**
Raging

June 14 **Boogie Down: Miracle on the Deuce**
a Henry Chalfant and Teodoro Pepe Esposito production,
with street artists A-1, Joel BUDA Bevacqua, ESTOS,
MARE 139, PHASE 2, LEE Quinones, Ricardo Rodriguez,
and VULCAN (visual artists); Access Bronx, Andre,
Cherry, Deo and Crew, Mitch TMD, and WANE (fashion);
Aaron/Quest, The Infamous O.P., K.C., Latin Empire, and
Rammellzee (Rap MCs); Chovie Chove, DJ Breakdown, DJ
Delta, Antonio Pepe Esposito, Marcellus James, DJ
Plasticman, and Albert ALBE Ragusa (DJs); Fresh Kid
Dancers, Elite Society Dance Troupe, and Justice
(dancers); Raymond Betts, Precautions Team, Flip City,
Jeremy Henderson, Vy Higginsen's Jump Sister Jump, Joe
Humeres, and Larry Wright

June 7 **Jalalu-Kalvert Nelson**
Moving Music

May 24 **New Winds**
The Cliff

May 3 **Linda Mussmann's Time & Space Limited**
Lincoln Speak

TD
PERFORMANCE
ONE
125

Performance on 42nd

FALL 1988

December 14 **Pat Oleszko and The Usual Suspects**
ARTFOOL RAPPING: Revel Without Claus

December 7 **Eva Gasteazoro**
Conjuros

David Zambrano
Reina Pepiada

November 30 **Steve Turre and Explorations**
Modern Root Music

November 16 **Ann Carlson**
Real People

November 15 **Special Project: David Behrman**

November 2 **Amina Claudine Myers and David Peaston**
Music from the Inner Space

Spring 1988

June 15 **Edwina Lee Tyler & A Piece of the World**
DrumDrama

June 8 **Guy Klucavsek**
Accordion for New Ears

June 1 **Horvitz, Morris, Previte Trio with the Horvitz and Holcomb Duo**
Duo and Trio Works

May 25 and 26 **Alice Farley and Company**
ANGGREK, the human life of plants

May 18 **Fast Forward and Ishmael Houston-Jones**
Slow Motion Suicide

May 11 **Reggie Workman Ensemble with the Maya Milenovic Dancers**
Synthesis III

Fall 1987

December 2 **Merián Soto and Pepón Osorio**
Wish You Were Here

November 18 **David Moss Dense Band**
Slow Talking and Slant Lines

November 11 **Urban Bush Women**
in process Re: Heat

October 28 **Yoshiko Chuma and The School of Hard Knocks**
The Big Picture

October 21 **Akbar Ali and the Black Swan Quartet**
Black and White Exposure

Spring 1987

May 6 **Wendy Perron Dance Company**

April 22 **Women of the Calabash**

April 15 **Leroy Jenkins' Sting**

April 8 **Ellen Fisher and Ensemble**

April 1 **"Blue" Gene Tyranny**

March 25 **Tom Johnson**

Fall 1986

December 19 **John Zorn**

December 3 **Frankie Mann**

November 12 **Johann Carlo and Michael Butler**
It's Still Life

October 15 **Dianne Ruth McIntyre's Sounds in Motion Dance Company with Olu Dara and the Okra Orchestra**
Color-Toned Studies on a Free Common Theme

September 28 and 30,
and October 18 **Uwe Mengel**
Plaster of Paris, The most beautiful hypocrites in town

September 17 **David Tudor**
with Jacqueline Monnier and Molly Davies

Spring 1986

June 5 **S.E.M. Ensemble, Petr Kotik, director**

May 27 **Neil B. Rolnick**

May 22 **Bebe Miller and Company**

May 13 **Fred Houn and the Asian American Art Ensemble**
*Excerpts from "Bamboo That Snaps Back:
A Performance Art Odyssey*

May 1 **The Ordinaires with Ton Simons and Dancers**

Performing Arts Events 1983-1985

1985 **Janice Krasnow**, producer

Perry Hoberman
Susan Marshall & Company
Marco Rizo and His Latin-Jazz Quartet
Lenny Pickett
The Bronzino Duo
The Metropolitan All Stars
Elodie Lauten
The Microscopic Septet
Michael Blair
Robert Sherman and Janet Savage
Jeff Way
Theodora Skipitares & Company
Joan Jonas

1984 **Sarah Warren**, producer

Magaret Leng Tan
The New York Kammermusiker
Iris Brooks and Glen Velez
S.E.M. Ensemble
Sally Gross
Mel Wong Dance Company with Cathey Billian

1983 **Sarah Warren**, producer

The New York Grand Opera
Bill and Mary Buchen
Hanne Tierney
New York Grand Opera Singers
S.E.M. Ensemble

100 YEARS

Some Afterthoughts

Geri Allen

Piano Magic

D

on Pullen was a great master; there is so much I loved about his playing. He was also a very giving and supportive artist. The duo-piano project with Don at the Whitney Museum at Philip Morris in 1991 is one of the highlights of my musical career.

Through the rehearsals that the museum arranged, I had the chance to sit down with Don and learn. Two pianists seldom have the opportunity to come together in such a context. I was quite nervous at the beginning, but Don put me at ease. Working with him felt natural and deep; we seemed almost to be of one mind.

I think a strong aspect of our connection had to do with shared musical choices and influences such as Herbie Hancock, Charlie Mingus, and Eric Dolphy as well as African-derived music from different parts of the planet. We definitely had something feeling-wise. At the time, I was trying to get the music done, so I didn't talk to Don as much as I should have. I was doing everything I could to be a sponge.

On the night of the performance, the moment when the music actually started to happen was very spiritual. I walked away feeling full, feeling very fulfilled. It was a wonderful experience that doesn't often happen. My only regret is that it didn't happen again.

Lamell Brightwell

\$trictly Business student,
Keep It Real/ To the Fullest
with George Emilio Sanchez

W

orking with George was a wonderful experience because I got up in front of people and did something I never thought I could do and it was wonderful. And I enjoyed it and really wish I could do more of it. George said, "Don't be scared, just go for what you know," and I did, and within my heart I know I was wonderful. I really loved working with George, Dina [Helal], and Jeanette. And they were all wonderful with us. They all made me bring out a lot of hidden talent that I never knew I had.

Ronald K. Brown/Evidence

Short Stories, Lessons

after thoughts & performance
after participating & watching

sharing work in public spaces. the vitality and physicality of dance and life ... framed by architectural structures, visual art, stone, and business. passersby wander in or watch from the outside. the politics of a new view: a tapestry of art and life.

high art. basic everyday movement, lifted and heightened to theater by poetry, lights, music and dance ... offered to invited guests, meandering New Yorkers, friends, ghosts and angels.

Prior to working in the space, with my dance company evidence, I had the great fortune to witness George Emilio Sanchez transform the space as a conductor for a cast of teenagers sharing their lives, at the Whitney Museum. The evening felt like a blessing, Jeanette seemed to be an angel, I found encouragement and inspiration to work. And I continue.

Thank you.

**Elliot Caplan,
Cunningham
Dance Foundation**
*Beach Birds For Camera:
A Music Video Event*

B

eing given the possibility of making a new work is an exciting moment in the life of any film/videomaker. You made that moment possible again and again for many artists throughout the New York area, including myself. Your exhibition space is wondrous. It is a city unto itself. People move in and out, all kinds of people—working New Yorkers as well as tourists—schoolchildren making their first marks on newsprint paper as well as those looking for a moment to pause in a busy day—and into this space they come—and what they see, is the surprise! With large windows on two sides facing 42nd Street and Park Avenue, even people who never come into the gallery see the gallery and have an experience with it daily because you forced the artwork to be seen FROM the street and TO the street.

Making work possible and making it seen in a variety of ways is a great achievement. Congratulations and good luck in your future!

Ann Carlson

Real People

Lt's funny because I just took a look at the photograph from the Whitney Museum catalogue of the performance of *Lunch*. I remember seeing the cigarettes in the glass display case, I remember taking a tour of the offices, the lunch room, the company store. I remember the choir room and the interesting group of people gathered for that work. I remember feeling that there were things the piece couldn't be about but it felt OK, like it was all part of it. I remember the feeling of the piece unfolding in front of all of us, slowly and gradually on the lunch hour over the course of a number of days and weeks. I remember holding up a one dollar bill, I remember one woman simply eating her lunch in slow motion for the performance because she couldn't be there for the rehearsals. I remember Marilyn Donini telling me she preferred animals to people during one rehearsal. I remember one gentleman had perfect pitch. I remember the performance was packed.

Leni Schwendinger and Ben Rubin

Not Dreaming in Public

Our work is meant to challenge preexisting ideas of what is public and what is private. We wanted to address the dilemma of a technological civilization in which accelerated communications leave people virtually "gathered" but physically isolated—resulting in an eroded sense of interpersonal space.

When we first visited the Philip Morris space with a project on our minds, we took note of the atrium, the people using it, and their range of activities—from reading and conversing quietly to snacking and lunching. We also observed how, amid the atrium's grandeur and sheer, granite surfaces, there prevailed a mood of enforced corporate rules—especially apparent in the presence of uniformed guards awakening and issuing reminders to those who were napping at tables or had dozed off over newspapers. This surveillance process led us to consider the "slip-page" of consciousness that occurs just prior to sleep in public places as the awareness of immediate surroundings gives way to dissolving fragments of memory and fantasy. The piece peeled back layers of the present and the familiar to reveal the kind of imagistic and sonic fragments that might float up from the unconscious. From the windows of the space, Grand Central Terminal provided a contrast to the Eighties-style public-space architecture of the atrium venue. During the installations, the Terminal's influences could be felt as both a physical urban presence and a presence to be interpreted by image and sound.

We developed new techniques for integrating the normally separate technologies used to control sound and light. By using a sequencer—music composition—and an interface that allows musical information to control lighting levels, the sound and light scores were "composer" simultaneously.

The possibility of shared tools—sound and light equipment, electronic controllers, and software—and challenging work environments enhanced our collaborative relationship. Moreover, the commission catalyzed our affinity for the ephemeral arts—as an exploration with audiences through a real-time environmental mixage of luminescent image and sounds.

Henry Chalfant

*Boogie Down:
Miracle on the Deuce*

Hip-Hop is many things. While the word is derived from the scat sounds used by rappers to scan with the beats, like doowop and bebop, it soon came to mean the spirit in which you did certain things, mainly original ways of having fun, dispelling boredom, dealing with time on your hands and hanging out. Kids painted the trains because they were playing in the train yards. Breakdancers started battling in parties and playgrounds. These were not organized commercial or academic activities. There was no handbook, written rules, coach or teacher. Instead you had to learn from other kids. Perfecting your form was a full-time job. Originality was paramount, whether it meant coming up with an entirely new dance form or using some traditional object (the bicycle) in bold new ways. Use whatever objects happen to be lying around, like old mattresses. Jump down on them from discarded appliances and lo and behold, a trampoline! There's no coincidence that these games sprang up in urban neighborhoods with poorly equipped playgrounds and vacant lots (remember stick ball?) and where shrunken after-school programs left kids on their own. Put all this in the pressure cooker that is New York, with its strong African and Caribbean poetry, music, and dance heritage and Hip-Hop is born, another creative way of partying, showing off, looking good, teasing, ragging, and being the best.

Invited to the Whitney Museum at Philip Morris space to put on a performance that would capture the Hip-Hop spirit, Teo Esposito and I took the most inclusive approach, putting in one room every conceivable invention of youth that had sprung out of New York's neighborhoods in the 1970s and 1980s. This resulted in a kind of omni-busload of activities from double-dutch dancers to mattress acrobats, voguers and skateboarders, competing DJs and Rappers, an ornamental hand shaker from Montreal, a roofing cement tub drummer from the subway, and the brief appearance of Rammellzee in an 89 lb. rocket-launching suit. A successful publicity campaign by the museum spread the word to the neighborhoods where there were no lack of aficionados, thus assuring a huge turnout. *Boogie Down: Miracle on the Deuce* hit 42nd Street like a tornado.

Alice Farley

The Public Space as an Imaginary Landscape

*ANGGREK, the human life
of plants*

[REDACTED] am interested in theater that intrudes into everyday life, that surprises an audience in unexpected places.

In 1988, Jeanette Vuocolo at the Whitney Museum at Philip Morris invited me to create a dance theater work for their sculpture court. I designed this piece as an inhabitation, a theatrical manifestation of the secret life of an architectural space. If every space implies a dream, an imaginary memory, can we make that landscape visible? Can we invite all passersby to enter into it?

Anggrek is the Indonesian word for orchid. In 1988, I had just returned from Kalimantan Timur studying Dayak wood carving and visiting the orchid forests. I was interested in creating sculptural costuming following the plant forms. With a company of 15 dancers, and using stilts, wheels, and helium costume extensions to transform the bodies, we created a world of sentient plant life within the glass walls of the Whitney. A New York terrarium of South East Asian Hybrids.

The Whitney at Philip Morris is most interesting as a collision point of art in the city. All roads cross here. Designing a performance for a space like this was to face the heart of New York: the most sophisticated, blasé, indifferent, intelligent, desperate ... all souls pass through this 42nd Street spot. Will they stop and look at a performance here? Will they feel it or think about it? Does theater have any point at all, any magic, any power left in it when it stands side by side with advertising and television and football and traffic? This cannot be theater in retreat.

We also designed this piece simultaneously for another quite different New York terrarium, the Winter Garden at the World Financial Center. Here there is a very different yet equally diverse audience. And the interesting thing is, in both these places that are not "theaters," an audience does form and does respond, and many with no frame of reference don't know what or why they like this, but they do ... and they tell me after seeing the performances that they'll never look at these places the same way ever again, and say why doesn't this happen every day?

And why doesn't it? Imagination is infinite, poetry is always waiting right below the surface ... when we are allowed to see it.

Eli Fountain

Picture This

I'd like to start by saying that we are thankful for the ability to bring free things to the public. It was great to be able to put on a show for people who can't easily come up with the money. And in a visual art museum. The idea of a museum interested in bringing all of the disciplines together, of tying in with an exhibition. Like the museum is creating a public trust for the arts and people. The museum staff came out in full support of the project, it was nice to see how well they worked together on performance night. So many young people were able to come to see something that they never or seldom get a chance to see. Romare Bearden's and Savion's work at the same time. People still come up to me and say that it was one of the finest things that they've seen. Many whom I don't even know. I think Bearden would be tickled pink that there is another generation of people relating to his work. You know, it was a deep pleasure for both of us to have our mothers there, to witness and in Savion's case to participate in the event. Savion and I enjoyed looking at the video of the performance. He was actually surprised how well the project worked artistically. I hope that the Whitney will continue its efforts to bring performing arts to the people ... for the next two hundred years.

Eva Gasteazoro

Conjuros

I first heard of Jeanette Vuocolo in 1987, when a group of New York-based Latino artists, including myself, were doing *Tour de Fuerza*, a tour throughout the U.S. and some Latin American countries, backed by Dance Theater Workshop. Somebody told me then I should pursue a performance at the Whitney Museum at Philip Morris.

I put my ever-present fears when calling producers away and decided to go after Jeanette and the most spectacular performance space in New York City. After a few phone calls, Jeanette gave me an appointment. To my surprise, she was very much like me: same age, an artist, and most importantly, no power trip. She was also genuinely interested in me and my work. She wanted to know everything about my Nicaraguan background, why New York, what about the two cultures, and what of that reflected in my work. It was two artists talking to each other, two women. She gave me the gig for 1988.

Great! I still had to create my piece. The architecture was the biggest challenge. To this date I had only created work that fitted the famous black box. Here, I had an accented landscape made of the hardest stone, steps and platforms at different levels, handrails, garden boxes, four trees, three modernistic sculptures, and a couple of George Segal's that somehow I had to incorporate into my performance piece.

I proposed to do *Conjuros* (Conjurations, Incantation, Entreaty), a ritualistic performance piece, exposing the cathartic clash because of the religious syncretism—the

merging of European Catholicism and the indigenous religious beliefs in Mesoamerica during colonial times.

For this heavy theme, I had Estela Lucio, a Mexican artist/*chamana*, who performed the ritual, invoking all the forces of nature to come rescue her and the world. Alfredo Caballero, a Cuban-born composer and installation artist, created the altar—a huge shoehorse of decapitated saints, crosses, human hair, flowers, and candles on one of the tiers of the museum. Caballero also performed wildly with his stand-up bass and his heavy metal drums.

I, in my semi-naked self—which Jeanette was not supposed to allow, but I nevertheless did—my body painted white, was the spirit in this great turmoil, the essence of good and evil, the black and white of indecision, *el anima del mundo*.

It was a great idea, but how to make it work in the museum was the hardest thing I could think of. I was given three days to rehearse in the space, while easily more than 40 people were there during visiting hours. The first day, I only walked up and down the platforms, sat on the garden boxes, touched the sculptures, and thought and prayed very hard.

The second time, the atrium opened its hidden doors for me and turned into a magical space, a 100' high temple, magnificent and sacred, tragic and real. The people in it were real people, the poor and the busy at their lunch hour. The people outside could not avoid peeping in as they walked by the great glass walls, the worried look on their faces changing when catching the unusual—art in progress—going on inside.

I could hear the traffic on the elevated bridge on Park Avenue. I could feel the rumble of the trains in the guts of the city. I could see the fantastic tiara on top of Grand Central Station.

What better space to expose the transitions of the *anima*, the battles of the soul, the transcendence of history. The space itself guided me, talked to my hands and feet, and made me trace my choreography by crawling on the floorstone. I hung from the trees, glided down the platforms, contorted on the handrails. The heavenly vault filled with Estela's prayers and the long sobs of the bass.

Many times I've been to the Whitney at Philip Morris to see performances and to perform again. In 1993, with Ruth Fugistaller on a *First Night* celebration—a great tango night. We went into the new year teaching tango to 200 people in the audience. Michael, the guard, still remembers my shocking pink dress. And in 1996, in Patricia Hoffbauer's wild extravaganza about Carmen Miranda.

Now that I am back living in my native Nicaragua, missing New York a great deal, I think of the Whitney, my experience there, and my wonderful friendship with Jeanette Vuocolo.

Matt Heckert

Horse on Lava



hat stands out is the amount of scheming it took to get the Mechanical Sound Orchestra to

New York to make this project happen. I was so excited first off by the offer. I had been working collaboratively with Survival Research Lab for so many years. I was so desperate to do my own work. A show in New York ... at the Whitney Museum at Philip Morris. Somehow I had to do this. So I shopped around to some galleries in New York with the offer that half of my moving expenses would be covered and the one-day museum performance would be a good pre-exhibition event. If people liked it, it would be great publicity for the gallery. Jennifer Gross and Vouter Germans Van Eck Gallery became interested.

That was great, but I still needed to find more money to make the project happen. I knew this guy in Phoenix who could get me a Ryder rental truck for cheap. I got a truck with space to spare with the idea that I would transport someone's stuff as a means to cover the rest of the expenses. After contacting a number of people, I found a guy who needed two motorcycles and a steamer trunk moved for \$600, and another whose couch, chairs, and boxes of books brought me \$350. This got me across the country and covered the return airfare of the person who drove with me. To begin, I had to first fly to Phoenix to pick up the truck, and then come back to San Francisco and load up.

On the way, we were stopped by a cop in Nebraska. Rented truck from Phoenix and driver from San Francisco. All those boxes in the back. I could just see him thinking he just walked into a big drug bust. They're filled with books, officer. And they were. He wound up asking a lot of questions about some weird science fiction books that he found and hadn't known. After that, it was a straight drive through to New York.

I arrived at the Whitney buzzed. It took all I could do to get there and then all of a sudden, I've arrived. At the Whitney Museum in New York ... hmmmm ... now how was I going to deal with this. Marble floor, no place to drill holes, etc.

I'll never forget, the concert was on the night of my birthday, a full moon, freezing cold, and snowing. Seven hundred people showed up. I was never so nervous in my life. I love to be nervous; that is why I do what I do. But this time I think I was a little too scared to play real well.

I remember getting the Oscillating Rings table set up and running well, all 1,100 pounds of steel. There had been some concern about whether the floor could hold the weight. I thought, hey, we're off to a good start. During the show I saw the table moving toward the edge. I pictured it rolling off the stage and crashing somewhere. If I were Jean Tinguely, that is the way I would have ended the show.

This project really brought home what I have to do to get a show of my work in the U.S.A. To be able to do what you want to do, the compromises that you are willing to make. There are lots of places with good intentions but very small budgets. There is not a lot of monetary support for artists doing more experimental work in this country. While there is certainly a desire to show it and see it, these people are not in the financial loop of the art world.

Patricia Hoffbauer

*Carmenland,
the saga continues ...*

1. The first day we arrived at the sculpture court of the Philip Morris building to begin staging *Carmenland, the saga continues ...*, the Dominican security guard was heard asking who were all those white people using the Latin dances so dear to his heart.

2. For those rehearsals in the space there were performers, a few good friends, Jeanette Vuocolo, of course, two or three Caribbean security guards politely trying to move the regulars who were there for a moment's rest while rushed life went on outside the flash windows. In the midst of that, I was trying to convince the samba bandleader to play for the finale of our show for free. This exposure could be good exposure for the band and how interesting it could be to mesh this post-modern depiction of the impact our Carmen had in the North American world with his highly exoticized rhythms of samba. The percussion player looked at me blankly.

3. A few days before we were to begin staging the piece, the Brazilian composer involved in creating the original music sent me a FedEx package with all his research materials with a note in English, "I am sure you will have no trouble finding another sound designer for your project as I have other engagements and will not be able to play, thank you." Jeanette found me the perfect antidote—Nicole Devault, the singing harpist who performed the bossa nova with heart and soul.

4. From the beginning, Jeanette and I talked a lot. First about the logistics of the piece, later about the philosophical nature of identity. I have never encountered any presenter like her ... Jeanette would call me late night to clarify the meaning of "hybridity" so she could finish editing program notes.

5. At one point, she suggested a panel of artists, presenters, and intellectuals to discuss the issues that *Carmenland* brought up. Together we organized the first panel on Latino cultural identity issues in the performing arena at the Whitney Museum.

6. Since 1992, I had had a rough time creating the series that placed Carmen Miranda as a central metaphor for cultural misunderstandings, reductionism, and displacement within the United States vis-à-vis Latin America. I felt the references I had chosen to work with went over people's heads and that I was dealing with a culture that was not only very unknown but also out of the focal vision of the arts world I was a part of. So when Jeanette asked me to give it another try, I felt torn between the pain of trying again or saying no to a great offer.

7. The sculpture court offered simultaneously a literal and metaphorical territory that best housed the paradox we were dealing with—the constructed tropical environment and the urban setting that drastically opposed anything idyllic. The atrium juxtaposed a core interest of mine: the difference between the act of watching and that of being

watched. The prospect of recreating the world's fair environment with the different Carmens, offering the audience cachaça shots, straw hats, and Hawaiian plastic necklaces, and of having the "fakeness" of that experience revealed as the outside people watched the "spectacle" of theater, not quite understanding what was real and what was fake, made me agree to do it.

8. I played a Native wearing green tights and hanging bananas, an "Indian" hat and a grass skirt found at the University of Michigan's dance department, a gang-like T-shirt filled with pins, a piece of grapefruit that served as a mouthpiece, a plastic 14th Street bag, and a huge plastic banana that I used in my ritualized "Indian" dance at the end of the piece. As the Native, I was an outsider, and as an outsider I hung around moving slow-motion at the margins of the piece as the action happened somewhere else. I witnessed funny things: two famous downtown performers argued fervently in my face, as if I wasn't present. Two well-dressed gentlemen, one of whom was the ex-husband of a friend, on their lunchbreak walked very close to me and laughingly asked what the hell was I doing with that grapefruit in my mouth; three ladies shopping in the neighborhood stood in front of me, not letting me continue my movements, and kept asking what was I trying to do, who was I, what was inside my mouth, and who had organized that insanity; another woman I hadn't seen in many years came to where I was slowly moving through the crowd and before departing, explained to me her busy schedule and how well her singing career was going; two people standing in the space discussing their dinner party on their cellular phones.

9. The experience of completing the Carmen series at the Whitney Museum at Philip Morris remains one of the strongest. Playing with the atrium's delineations gave me an insight that I am still processing. As the money disappears and the discussions about the politics of the art world go back to business as usual, I think about the concept of high and low art to realize that I want to feel the audience's pulse closer. If it wasn't for Jeanette's vision and belief, the work of my incredible collaborators Liz Prince, who, in her redesign of the atrium, captured so beautifully a world foreign to her, with its magical make-believe-qualities, George Emilio Sanchez's multilayered text, and the performers who bravely danced in spite of the granite, *Carmenland* would never have been appreciated by those eyes outside on Park Avenue who watched with amusement as they rushed on their way somewhere.

Jason Kao Hwang

East/West/East

The experience of The Far East Side Band performing with Lê Thi Diem Thúy, Le Tuan Hung, and Dang Kim Hien in *East/West/East, Second Sight* at the Whitney Museum at Philip Morris, began with a correspondence facilitated by curator Jeanette Vuocolo. I live in Jersey City, New Jersey, Lê Thi Diem Thúy lives in Massachusetts, and Le Tuan Hung and Dang Kim Hien call Australia home. Through Jeanette we exchanged CDs, cassette recordings, videotapes, and poetry. As we absorbed each other's work with fascination, through faxes, we discussed our creative processes, discovered our common ground, and evolved a performance structure for our evening.

I could immediately appreciate the music of Le Tuan and Hien. Certainly it was foreign, since I had never worked with Vietnamese musicians before. Yet their colors and callings felt completely familiar. Their musical language resonated with my own sense of place. As an Asian American, my musical instincts arise from both cultural survivals and the transformations caused by the American experience. To determine where my music was born, why I hear what I hear, is to probe beyond geography. Though they are Vietnamese and I am a Chinese American, hearing their sound was an affirmation of my own foundation.

Certainly the perception of their music would be different for my bandmates Yukio Tsuji, originally from Japan, Sang-Won Park, originally from Korea, and Jose Davila (substituting for Joe Daley), originally from Puerto Rico. However, Yukio, Sang-Won, and Jose, within their own perspectives, could "hear" the musical language of Le Tuan and Hien fluently. And conversely, Le Tuan and Hien also understood our sound without need for translation. Because we all practice the art of improvisation, our sense of unity and independence, despite our different backgrounds, was collectively clear.

All of us were inspired by writings and performances of Lê Thi Diem Thúy. Her words created images of searing eloquence—the story of Vietnam, the war, and her American upbringing. My parents also emerged from the chaos of war. My father came to America in 1946 as a Boxer Rebellion scholar. My mother arrived on the last American transport leaving China in 1950. I am a first-generation American. Yukio Tsuji, Sang-Won Park, and Jose Davila are all immigrants to America. Le Tuan Hung and Dang Kim Hien are both immigrants to Australia. Each of us understood the passion, pain, and determination of Lê Thi Diem Thúy. We would draw strength from each other as our collaboration proceeded.

Soon after Le Tuan Hung and Dang Kim Hien's arrival in New York, Jeanette brought us to WKCR radio for a promotional interview. As they described their new life in Australia, I recognized that their music also sustains and feeds their cultural survival and transformation. That evening, we discussed an improvisational structure I composed to accompany a poem Thúy Lê had chosen for

our collaboration. Le Tuan and Hien made several key suggestions. Further refinements were made during the rehearsal process. Though Thúy Lê had never presented her poetry with "live" musicians before, she responded beautifully with the musicality of her voice. We became an ensemble.

I believe that we and our listeners were all invigorated by this special concert. As artists of the Asian Diaspora, our minority experiences, whether in Australia or in America, have forged a vision of cultural evolution. Through this collaboration, our efforts to positively impact upon the social and political consciousness of our times now surge forward with renewed strength.

At the end of our concert, an elderly Vietnamese woman asked me if it was true: Did she really see a Chinese, Japanese, Korean, and Hispanic American in The Far East Side Band, working with a Vietnamese American poet and two Vietnamese Australian musicians? I said yes and we are friends. Holding my hand and with happy eyes, she told me she never thought she would live to see this day.

Each of us is grateful to Jeanette Vuocolo for recognizing our works, facilitating our correspondence, bringing us together, and producing an overflowing audience. The Whitney Museum offered us a stage of discovery and it was an evening none of us will ever forget.

Second Sight and the entire history of Jeanette Vuocolo's work at the Whitney over the past ten years has cultivated and supported highly individual artists who strive to expand our sense of beauty, culture, and history. Year after year she has produced extraordinary performances which have built bridges between the many communities in New York City with inspired imagination. I hope the Whitney will continue along this visionary path which Jeanette Vuocolo has established during her remarkable tenure. The future of arts in America will flourish if it moves forward in this bold direction.

Sharif Jones

\$trictly Business student,
Keep It Real/ To the Fullest
with George Emilio Sanchez



y experience at the Whitney Museum was uplifting mentally and physically because we as a whole believe in bettering ourselves but some of us don't have the push from the important people in our lives that we need to keep striving. What George, Enid [Baxter Blader], Dina, Doug [Eisman], Jeanette, and the rest of the staff at the Whitney did for us was believe in us. That means a lot to everybody. I learned that trying leads to failure, but doing leads to success. I feel like me and the students are family now. I'm crazy proud to have done a canvas for the Whitney Museum. The people made me feel like my art was special and that's the best because most people think I'm a vandal and don't have respect for people's property. But that's not true. I just feel like I am the luckiest person in the world. Thanks for everything. I love Y'all.

John Kelly

*Cocteau & Barbette,
excerpts from a
work-in-progress*



hen one creates new theater work, there comes a point when one must reckon with the space it will be performed in. Sometimes a very specific type of space becomes an imperative—a certain size stage, audience, acoustic, or atmosphere. At other times the producer of a unique space seduces an artist into finding a way to fit into this space either an existing work, or a work-in-progress. The latter was my case in relation to Jeanette Vuocolo in her quest to find events to fill the lobby of this large corporate structure.

The pleasures and problems became immediately evident to this practical theatrical mind upon entering the space. Where will the audience sit, how are the sightlines, acoustics, options for lighting, wings, dressing areas, will it be daylight, together with the usual questions of when, how much, and who?

Then one must ask the "Why?" question. In my case, there were three reasons. The chance to get a part of a new work performed in front of an audience devoid of critics; the cachet of being part of the Whitney Biennial (albeit the lesser-known, less-worried younger sister); and the challenge of the space.

Grappling with a space like this forces one to locate new creative muscles, and come up with myriad solutions to problems which just wouldn't exist in a more traditional performing space. In our case, the presence of a 12-piece orchestra together with singer on a body microphone was like waving a red flag in the face of the sound bull—one was invariably going to have to make adjustments and leave up to nature whether or not these combinations of sounds would eventually reach the ears of the spectators after having bounced off of wall, glass, and tree. The visual aspect of the work was less problematic, though asking a principal dancer from New York City Ballet to dance and jump on a concrete floor was a bit of a stretch, both for me and himself.

I recall that instead of projecting the sections of film which inhabited this work on a projector, we opted for a few video monitors, which was not a problem, though it did lend a different ambience to the overall texture.

If one can manipulate light, sound, and visuals, one can loose the aggressive surroundings and arrive at the point where the focus is on the drama. I feel that we were able to achieve that in this strange and problematic space. I often wondered why they put artists through these difficult hurdles, and I figured it had to do with what was going on upstairs, in relation to the fact that this was their lobby, inside walls of windows, on a busy public street in Midtown. I decided that this was OK, as it gave us a chance to advance in our quest to give birth to this new work. And I liked the fact that it was free to the audience. Boy, was it full.

Carla Kirkwood

Bodies of Evidence

Three years ago I moved from the West Coast to the East Coast. I have spent much of the time since wishing I was still back home in San Diego, California. New England was not a good move for me: Puritans and Pilgrims, winters and cold, impenetrable and inaccessible people. I am used to warmth and openness. I miss it.

The one thing that has made it bearable for me is my weekly excursions to Nueva York. It is warm here, even in the winter. Things are up for grabs, and in a city filled with pretentiousness and self-importance, there are some great people.

In November of 1994, Jeanette Vuocolo contacted me. She was interested in producing my work. I remember the first time I walked into the space, the sculpture garden. To say the space was a challenge would be a great understatement. After a moment I knew what I wanted to do. I wanted to perform behind the glass on the second level, I wanted to move all over the space. I asked Jeanette, and she didn't flinch. "We'll do what we can," is all she said. Come opening (and closing) night, we had worked in every corner of the space, projecting slides off the second story, moving from the interior of the building to the exterior. The piece, *Bodies of Evidence*, was transformed by this process. The space became the interior of a twelve-year-old girl's mind. A three-story brain packed with memories that couldn't be contained even in that large a space.

I remember writing in my diary that night, documenting the experience of the performance, on the train back to New England.

An hour into the performance, the lights faded to black. I stepped down from a small platform and aimed for the exit on my left. I pushed my way out of the mechanical doors onto 42nd Street. The costume I was wearing, a blue and white hospital gown, fell off my left shoulder, and the remote for the body microphone that was taped to the small of my back began to slip loose. I turned the corner onto Park Avenue and started climbing the hill heading toward the side entrance of the building. I searched for the next set of mechanical doors in the dark. A pedestrian on the street ran toward me; he was confused by my appearance and the speed with which I was running. The mechanical doors swung open and Jeanette Vuocolo pulled me by the arm into the sculpture garden. I set myself next to a large stone bench and removed the hospital gown, revealing a yellow silk slip. An audiotape was playing in the darkened space, a female voice recounted a dream. A 10 foot by 12 foot slide image of a young girl lying in the ocean, facing the sun, was projected against the second-level stone wall of the three-story space. The audio faded out as the lights faded up. And there I was, standing on top of the stone bench, surrounded by the audience on all sides, recounting memories of childhood dreams, familial violence, and resistance.

The whole event was a blast. And it was that way because Jeanette made it happen. Thanks, babe.

Robbie McCauley

*Mississippi Freedom:
In Perspective*

I welcome this opportunity to express appreciation from myself and on behalf of my collaborators in *Mississippi Freedom: In Perspective*, presented as part of the 1993 Biennial. What happened that May in barely three days was a highlight for me. We dove in and did it. The collaborative performance work that enables an honest dialogue about race based on specific historical events having to do with Black and White people worked so well. From Mississippi to New York.

Remember how much I resisted bringing it there? You and Marie Cieri of the Arts Company, the project's original producer, did an organizational feat to make it possible for myself and the guest performers to bone up on our lines, deal with the impossible space there, and somehow make it playable. Remember how we redid the script so that the performers we were not able to bring were included anyway in conversational references? Remember the audience—huge and diverse? And the enthusiastic dialogue afterwards? The simplest definition of art—finding the best way to say what you have to—was what I feel satisfied that we accomplished. Again, thank you for the invitation, your refusal to accept my resistance, and those memories.

Uwe Mengel

*Plaster of Paris,
The most beautiful
hypocrites in town*

Afew years ago, it must be ten years by now, I received a call from the Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris, asking me if I would be interested to create a performance there. I said yes. The performance should take place in the sculpture court during lunchtime, a space open to the public. I still said yes. I had never been to the Whitney Museum at Philip Morris, so I went there at lunchtime the next day. When I entered the proposed space from 42nd Street, at the corner of Park Avenue, I was shocked. The sculpture court was anything but a performance space. It was, as I learned then, the lobby of Philip Morris headquarters, and that's how it was designed. On one side a huge glass wall, a few floors high, somewhere up there a ceiling with bright burning lights, even though there was a bright sunny day outside and thanks to the glass wall on the inside. The other walls and the floor were made from granite. I saw some shops, plenty of tables with chairs, trees, flowers, an impressive array of sculptures, and wherever I looked there were people, enjoying their lunch. Even though people were just talking as happily as a lunchtime crowd does, the sound level was amazingly high. The glass and granite amplified and reflected their voices. I stood there. A performance in that space? But there was more to come.

In a very friendly manner, I was told that I should also take into consideration that people arrived at different times for their lunch hour, therefore it would be a good idea if my performance would be accessible for all the people at their lunch hour, no matter when they arrived. But,

Sorry, no type of stage can be used. Sorry, no sound system. Sorry, no lighting. Sorry, no, the windows cannot be covered. Other than that ...

I wasn't able to create an idea for an "accessible performance" in six days and rest on the seventh day. Instead, I spent three weeks, in which I developed some of the symptoms usually associated with bipolar depression: total euphoria ("now I know what to do!") alternating with utter despair ("forget it, call them and cancel!"). During the fourth week, all of a sudden: Eureka! *Plaster of Paris* was born. As was the case many times in history with the cry "eureka," the idea was quite simple and logical, and that's also how it sounded in the program: "Blending wit and seriousness, *Plaster of Paris* takes a closed look at the reality and myth of the power of positive thinking. Eleven performers act in five separate scenes performed in a continuous loop throughout the museum's sculpture court. The visitor is invited to view these scenes in any order."

In the months prior to the performance, I had the distinct feeling that the "power of positive thinking" didn't work for me. But in my opinion, it also didn't work for many other New Yorkers either. Why else would New York be the city with the highest number of psychoanalysts in the world. And here comes *Plaster of Paris* into play.

Plaster of Paris, in many countries only known by the unprosaic name "gypsum," is an excellent material to change a broken or rotten wall into a smooth and bright-looking one. The "power of positive thinking" seemed to me the equivalent of "gypsum" in our everyday human interactions. A belief, I have to admit, which was not entirely true on my part. Who, without at least some belief in the power of that thinking, would try to produce a performance with eleven performers, given the circumstances?

This small belief, or better, my little light of hope, was changed into a high-voltage lamp, watching Jeanette Vuocolo, the performance curator of the Whitney Museum of American Art, how she solved mountains of problems with her unshakable positive thinking towards our project. In 1996, I produced a performance in Berlin, Germany, using some of the elements from *Plaster of Paris* and of course I used the experience from that time. Without that experience, the performance in Berlin would not have happened.

Lawrence “Butch” Morris

*Conduction #15:
Where Music Goes II;*

*Conduction #27:
A Chorus of Poets*

[n early 1989, Jeanette Vuocolo approached me about a concert in her *Performance on 42nd* series. I was at that time, and as I am today, totally immersed in the advancement of a new art discipline called “conduction.” Having been in the atrium space at the Whitney Museum at Philip Morris, I knew by the very nature of conduction that it could take on the social logic of its space and together create a work that identifies as much with the architecture as it does with music, as can be witnessed on the CD release of *Conduction #15*, recorded November 16, 1989, on New World Records. I expressed to Jeanette that my needs dictated a long-term situation where the audience could see the idea behind the work, its evolution, and the product over a period of days—in other words, a residence. Well, needless to say, this took some doing. And she did it. And because of her, we did it. It stands as a milestone in the developmental process of “conduction” and in the organization of a musical project that could not be done. This is her value ... it can be done.

Diedre Murray

*Grid Art in Grid Lock;
Unending Pain*

[remember when I first walked into the Whitney Museum at Philip Morris with Fred Hopkins and Richard “Shake-a-Leg” Thomas to work on the poetry project. How cathedral-like this space was ... the glass walls and the steel structure ... how quintessentially New York. I thought this would be a great setting for *Unending Pain*, a piece I had in the back of my mind to write.

I had been warned about the acoustics, but to me the sound was interesting. It reminded me of what I would hear in church and seemed perfect for a choral group. The windows, people running by, here passed the essential heartbeat of New York. You know that saying which captures New York: “Under every rock there is an incredible experience you don’t know.” Here was one of those rocks. Working at the Whitney was a wonderful opportunity for a New York native. I could take the joy in. The projects worked out exactly the way I dreamt about them. I’d look up while playing and see all these people. It’s as if I could hear them thinking, “What’s going on in there.” It was really great.

Each time I performed at the museum, I glance at the statues of Grand Central Station. My father, who worked in the midtown post office, would once a year get up his nerve and purchase tickets to Radio City Music Hall for the family. The day was capped off with a stop at Horn and Hardart. As an adult I have come to realize what it took for my father to do this. Penn Station, Grand Central, and all the grand city buildings were like going to Oz for me as a child. But the center of New York in the 1950s was not for African Americans. Performing my work at the Whitney meant gaining access to the very things that made me feel like a stranger in the 1950s. Finally, I had arrived,

and in my own skin. That is what it means to work at the museum, even for a New Yorker. There is a sense about kids now that is like the 1950s, some don't come out of their neighborhoods.

I remember first meeting Jeanette. I had parked my car so she greeted me on the sidewalk wearing her thick glasses. One look and I knew she's crazy and that this is going to work. She's a terrific presenter, one who does a thorough job. With the poetry project, I was assigned a publicist for the first time in my career. This was such a boost. I was also amazed at seeing all these women at the museum running things. Museum culture was new to me. I was impressed at its resources. And it also meant meeting Michael Green. To me it made spiritual sense that *Unending Pain* would happen in such a wonderful place. All the right people. The best work of Drew Richards took place at the Whitney. People today still talk to me about the museum performance that he was in and are surprised to learn that he is dead.

I am grateful for the exposure, the experience, and the wonderful friendship with Jeanette.

George Emilio Sanchez

*Border/Door
Carmenland,
the saga continues ...*



performance space open to the public. Free art for the interested and disinterested. A space to blur the boundary between performance space and the audience. New York at its best, in its most revealing design. Alternative, experimental works reconfigured to take on the appearance of accessibility. A place that completely embraces the environment it exists in. The street. The lobby of a building. A gallery. A place to meet and chat; a place to read and write; a place to see the uncommon within the confines of the most common. Performances that brought together all of New York. A performance space where the audience was built in and provided for by the good graces of 42nd Street and Park Avenue. At the foot of Grand Central Station a performance series took both unsuspecting and targeted audiences on journeys not dreamed of for less than the price of a hot dog. Across disciplines, across races, across cultures, across every imaginable identity signifier, this lobby became the common ground for so many artists to create and be created.

I was involved with two projects at the Whitney. In the first project, I worked with a GED class to create a performance piece, *Keep It Real/To the Fullest*, to complement my solo performance of *Latindio* in 1995. This project was organized by the wonderful team of Dina Helal, Doug Elsman, and Jeanette. The \$trictly Business students and I literally became involved in examining and redefining the entrapments of categories and territory in relation to cultural identity. As part of my artist-in-residence, the students created a poem that was to be graffitied onto a canvas that was to hang from a high wall in the lobby.

Sharif Jones, a gifted graffiti artist in our group, took it under his wing and created the text/mural right in the lobby of the building. I still recall one of the security guards coming over to me one afternoon and commenting, "You know, if he were out on the street he would be committing a crime, but because he's here at the Whitney, they now see it as art."

In 1996, I was invited to collaborate with Patricia Hoffbauer on her project for the museum, *Carmenland, the saga continues* ... The Whitney lobby provided us with a delicious challenge for the setting. We integrated the entire environment of the museum—the street, the lobby, the flowerbeds, the descending platform from the ceiling, and the EXIT signs. We converted it into a performance space that paralleled the complex, multilayered subject of cultural displacement. Here, in the public's eye, we could address how cultural displacement gets played out within the context of representation in the media and popular culture in a very deep and meaningful way. The combined visions of many people ... Patricia, Liz Prince, the performers, Susan Radin, James Lo, Kenyatta Hills, and of course Jeanette, allowed us to integrate movement, text, installations, and visual design in a total experimental work that played to hundreds of people.

As part of my work in this performance, I was dressed in tight shorts, plastic sandals, and a small T-shirt advertising a Brazilian beer. My face was painted in red lipstick with triangles and a line from my forehead to my chin. Outside, on 42nd and Park Avenue, I pulled a shopping cart decorated as a festival float that showcased the lovely Peter Richards as a present-day incarnation of Carmen Miranda. As I pulled the "Carmen" float, Elvira Ortiz, dressed in a poncho and a black hat, guided the float from behind. A prerecorded tape of Carmen Miranda played as we moved along the street. When we came to a halt just in front of the entrance to the Philip Morris building, we lit two mail-order fake bamboo torches and stood motionless as Carmen aka Peter Richards swayed to and fro to the tunes of the Brazilian Bombshell. Here was the ultimate moment of my participation in this project. We literally and figuratively embodied the very archetypes we were simultaneously trying to comment on. In our parody, in our caricature of how films and the media have depicted the "others" from the other side, we were treated as authentic representatives of the "exotic" that colors the imaginations of so many people from north of the border. Reactions varied from being completely dismissed to our being completely exoticized. As I stood poker-faced with the flame of the torch flickering on the passing taxis and buses, tourists took out cameras and videos to document the moment. It all became anthropology in the making. The way of history being made was reenacted. Subject and object met again in the shadow of the Chrysler Building as we stood over the ongoing IRT line.

All this was made possible by having a place to make this kind of experimental cultural work. Whatever we

intended, whatever we tried to do with the work, the experience of performing it led to and brought up so many unforeseen interactions and undreamed-of results. Every performing artist should have the opportunity to frolic in this playground. To make real the borders of our minds; to bring to the public the conflicts and contradictions of the real and the imagined.

At this ten-year celebration, *Performance on 42nd* owes so much to Jeanette Vuocolo. She was the guiding vision. She made it possible. She always believed in the possibilities. There is no one like Jeanette.

Merián Soto and Pepón Osorio

Wish You Were Here

The most memorable moment of performing *Wish You Were Here* at the Whitney at Philip Morris in December 1986 was looking out over the audience and seeing waves and waves of known faces and then more people pressed against glass at odd levels. As we recall there were over 400 people at our show. Our theory is that this great showing was a combination of the Whitney production level, the midtown location, and free admission.

We did our best to warm up that cold space. A dozen colorful 13-foot-tall cardboard and fabric palm trees and half a dozen fabric cabanas were the basic elements in an eye-catching, site-specific installation clearly visible from the viaduct above 42nd Street. The performance, in the form of a variety show, was designed as a crash course in Puerto Rican pop culture to prepare tourists for travel to our tropical paradise, complete with a Puerto Rican Traveling Kit (a souvenir book with maps, paper dolls, recipes, etc., designed by Pepón with Estela Morales Amaral and printed, of course, by Philip Morris); a Cha-Cha-Cha lesson with giant puppet shoes; Carmelita Tropicana as MC entering the space in a giant paper airplane, conducting a Puerto Rican trivia quiz, and handing out Honorary Puerto Rican awards to unsuspecting members of the audience; assorted videos, and a Descarga ending with Salsa dancing and drumming.

It was great fun, and great working with Jeanette, a producer who at all times showed a genuine interest in supporting the creative process by facilitating as many resources as were available. Our only regret is that we didn't follow through with the crowning of Miss Puerto Rico/New York idea!

Helen Thorington

Performing Bodies and Smart Machines: Partial Perceptions, Artists from "New American Radio"

The Whitney space at Philip Morris is awesome—a challenge that both excites and frightens me. Huge, reverberant, it is a space that swallows definition, makes sounds flow together, pile up on top of one another; it destroys separateness. It's wonderful. When I first approached this space, and in the three times I was privileged to present there, Jack Balchin was the performance engineer. It was Jack who taught me what I could and could not do, and how to meet the challenge of this unique space with the work I brought. My first experience was with the presentation of three *New American Radio* performances—by Jacki Apple, Gregory Whitehead, and Jerri Allyn—my second was a radio menu for a series of Audio Lunches, and my third, a presentation of my own work, *Partial Perceptions*, for the truly memorable 1993 performance series, *Performing Bodies and Smart Machines*.

With Jack's help, I came to love and to understand this space, and—because I have strong feelings about what should and should not be done soundwise in public spaces—to dream about what might be done in this one. The work I dreamed was one that would both take advantage of the acoustic properties of the space, with all its mind-boggling reverberance, while simultaneously leaving the public—that unquantifiable conglomerate of needs and desires—alone to choose whether to listen or not. It's an idea as strong today as when I first thought it. Maybe one day I will realize it. In the meantime, the Whitney space at Philip Morris, for all the chill that long nights of rehearsal brought to my bones, is a space I love. Thank you, Jeanette Vuocolo, for making my work in this space possible, and for the warmth and inspired support you brought to all of these projects.

Lê Thi Diem Thúy

East/West/East

The challenge of the collaboration paralleled the challenges of working in the Whitney Philip Morris space. How do you bring together different sensibilities, elements, ways of looking at, hearing, and being in the world in such a way that the individual voices are resonating off each other, not cut short or compromised. And then how do you present this work in a space which, while being physically enclosed, is also visually open to the outside, and not just any outside but that of the action and drama of 42nd Street and Park Avenue. What I enjoyed was the sense of mirroring and echoing between the inside and the outside, so much so that boundaries between inside/outside, audience/performer, public event/intimate experience began to blur. The composition of the evening's performances themselves blurred the distinctions between east and west as points of origin and influence.

Mac Wellman

*The Land of
Fog and Whistles*

Fog and Whistles began as a tiny monologue that, like many projects of mine, got shelved indefinitely. The play centers on a strange storyteller from the future who must tell all her futile lives, for the term of the half-life of the element plutonium. When Jeanette suggested the Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris series, I rethought the matter and gathered a team of Jan Harding, David Van Tieghem, Kyle Chepulis, and Marcus Stern. The atrium itself was, I knew, a bear. Huge, with odd sightlines, echoey acoustics, and a decidedly cold and impersonal, institutional ambience.

Oddly, though, as we worked in the space, it revealed itself to us: Kyle found he could support installation pieces from the very high ceiling: he also came up with the idea of using a genie-lift, as mini-stage, for our aeons-old Scheherazade, Jan. This enabled a startling denouement, as Jan would rise 30 feet overhead. Even the sound problems somehow got mastered (Jeanette's crew had a very canny sense of how these might be tackled, if one was of a mind to). Additional color monitors enabled us to provide rather nifty viewing even for those in the back (front) of the hall.

All in all, this was for me an extraordinarily successful collaboration; all of us contributed to making a piece that I am still quite proud of. *Fog and Whistles* proved spooky, alarming, ghostly, and with Jan's wonderful performance, a special event. I think of that single performance as one of the most impeccable, highly realized of my efforts.

I'd love to do it again, but in a setting not quite so formidable, although it was precisely this formidable quality to the atrium itself that helped make the show what it was.

Michael Green

*Philip Morris
Security Officer*

The performances have all been very interesting. Some were fantastic. Some were weak. All around, though, I learned a lot about artists and their work in the performing arts. Very talented, creative, and organized people. Remember James Luna's wheelchair scene? He reminded me of Reverend Ike mixed with Jerry Falwell. Then there was Mel Wong; that was a great piece right around when the museum opened. And Ann Carlson's project that she created here with security and staff of Philip Morris. Average people who would never think of being an artist or actor were made to feel like they could do this for a living. I was the lead bellringer. When she took us to perform at a small college, I rang the bell and saw the audience looking at me. I kept ringing. I felt like I was the bell. Then Ron Brown with his big Madams in the window. Very funny and a chance for me to learn about different types of people and the way they perform. All this stuff I have seen at the museum, working with the artists, the crew, and with my friend Jeanette, all this has changed my life. I find myself going to P.S. 122, The Kitchen, some Off-Broadway theaters. Arts, you can't live without them.

Jeanette Vuocolo

Founder and Producer
Performance on 42nd

It's tough to say good-bye to a place that has come to be my home, a job that for a greater part of the past ten years has essentially been my life. But in a way, this is what I always wanted: to be immersed in the arts, working closely with artists on the development of projects, and having the job of putting this work in the hands of the public. I don't take change easily, but know in it there is growth, and that is good for the spirit.

The process of leaving has become as important as the announcement of my decision. I am beholden to a legacy of ten years of remarkable artist work, with more recent projects documented on video and/or audio. I have an urgency to take a "big picture," (in the spirit of Yoshiko Chuma), frame it, and then hang it on the wall, so to speak. The very thing that we love about the live arts—its ephemeral magic—moves in counterpoint to a permanence that can be revisited. There comes a time when creating a history becomes equal to the act of making of work. But who historicizes, when, and about what?

Thanks to producer Ann Farmer and editor Paul Rodrigues, we now have a video compilation; to Peter Van Riper who is under way on a CD, and to Bill Kobasz, *Performance on 42nd* visual design wizard, who has created the extended program notes that feature the 1997 festival artists, a chronology of artists and projects, and after-thoughts by some artists from *Performance on 42nd*. This is a beginning of the story of the 100 or so performances staged by artists in the Philip Morris Sculpture Court as part of the Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris.

What has always resonated for me in this job is the notion of American in the Whitney Museum of American Art. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney began the Whitney Museum in the 1930s about the same time that my Southern Italian grandparents were establishing themselves in their new country of America. Fifty years later, I am invited to Gertrude's museum to build on an idea that she started and on a culture to which many people have contributed. America, or, more accurately, the United States, abounds with artists who define its culture, who experiment with form and content, who raise issues of identity, ethnicity, gender, and belief. What is and isn't art. Who determines this. Who defines the categories. Who allows whom to experiment and call it that. I have enjoyed the task of addressing these questions for the Whitney, a museum which has presented the performing arts for many years.

So much of this work is a process of learning by doing, in collaboration with the artists, the production crew, and behind-the-scenes administration. My goal was to transform the sculpture court into a laboratory, a public studio, where artists could work side by side with business people. Imagine you are going to catch a train and you look inside and see a conductor directing an ensemble of musicians. If you have time, you might stop in to catch that Carmen Miranda thing, the woman in a hospital gown in the upper window, or the graffiti artist with a spray can and canvas. On the sidewalk, there's a dancer spinning and another on

stilts. Artists working in public. How do they do what they do? Is what they do of interest to me? For me, this is what it means to present public performance in the heart of midtown New York.

Called a beast, a bear, criticized for its difficult acoustics, this space of granite and glass has come to be much more flexible than it first appears. Some dancers have said the granite gives, solo artists have spoken of its intimacy, others have constructed wonderful spectacles, and one has threatened to fill it with ping pong balls. Remember the columns that got in the way of sightlines in the downtown loft spaces? Or the makeshift, cramped clubs to hear the newest in contemporary music? The sculpture court is more of the same, just different. Awkward but always alert. To borrow composer/cellist Diedre Murray's phrase, "inside glass walls, no fear at all" (from *Glasswalls, Unending Pain*).

One of my favorite moments in developing a project with an artist is when he/she starts to look around the space and imagine the possibilities. One hundred artists, a hundred and more ideas. It is an amazing process to participate in. Some people look at the artist looking; all are very serious in the act. Artists often visit the space a number of times to observe the visitors, the flow of traffic, the change in the natural elements. Rehearsals mean working in the midst of the normal public activity. And then performance night when the space turns inside out, it becomes a Cinderella/pumpkin tale, and what's street and what's performance becomes a New York experience to write home about.

I thank the artists for the courage of their convictions and the beauty of their ideas; the production crew for taming the beast while nurturing its splendor; the many people of Philip Morris and all those who make the Whitney what it is, for their help in making this program the success it is, and the great audiences over the years. My deep appreciation to the committed sponsorship of Philip Morris Companies Inc., which has been instrumental in the development and growth of this museum program. I've had the good fortune to be mentored by two leading innovators in the arts, Mary Griffin and Carlota Schoolman. I am in awe of what we have accomplished. It has been my greatest pleasure to be of service to you. I raise my glass to this rich legacy and to the future of the performing arts at the Whitney Museum of American Art.

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